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CHANGING SEA
AND
CHANGELESS BAR



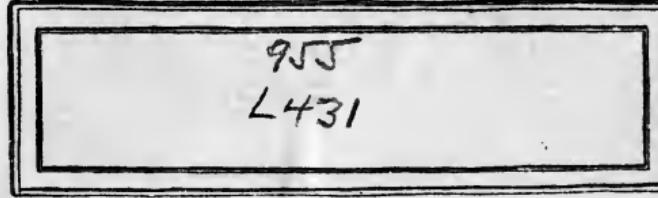
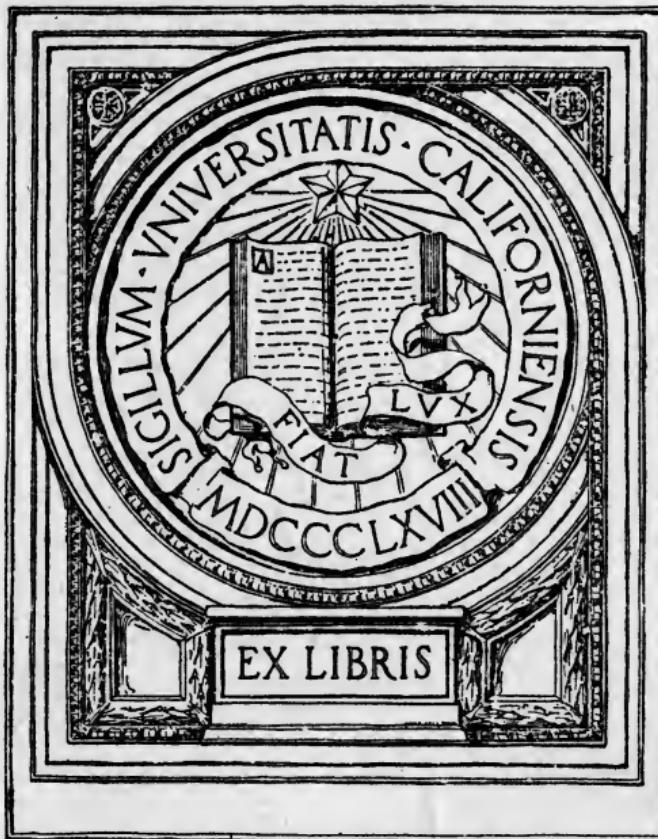
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BEATING SEA AND
CHANGELESS BAR

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

BY

JACOB LAZARRE



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MAIN

TO

MY PEOPLE,

THE BAR THAT HAS,
FOR CENTURIES ON CENTURIES,
WITHSTOOD THE BEATING SEA

702247

“ When, in what other life,
Where, in what old spent star,
Systems ago, dead vastitudes afar,
Were we two bird and bough, or man and wife?
Or wave and spar?
Or I the beating sea and you the bar
On which it breaks? I know not. I!
But this, oh, this, my very dear, I know:
Your voice awakes old echoes in my heart;
And things I say to you are said once more;
And, sweet, when we two part,
I feel I have seen you falter and linger so,
So hesitate and turn and cling,—yet go,
As once in some memorable Before,
Once on some fortunate yet thrice blasted shore.”

—HENLEY.

CONTENTS

PART	PAGE
I. "WAVE AND SPAR"	11
II. "ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE"...	23
III. "ON SOME FORTUNATE YET THRICE BLASTED SHORE"	47
IV. "SO HESITATE AND TURN AND CLING,— YET GO"	93

I

“WAVE AND SPAR”

I “WAVE AND SPAR”

“Come with me, oh, come with me,
my beloved. Fly with me this night,
O fairest among women, and I will
make thee a queen amid the daughters
of Nineveh. For am I not Sargon,
the Captain of the King’s host? Do
not all the King’s servants bow before
me? Did not the King’s word come
to me this night, saying, ‘Arise and
haste thee to Sennacherib, the great
King? To Libnah, where lie the
King’s armies?’? And on the morrow
I go, my beloved; and this night I
have come for thee, my heart’s desire,

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

lest thou shouldst fall into the hands of the spoiler, when Tartan taketh the city.”

“ Tartan will not take the city, O my Assyrian lover, for Isaiah, the son of Amoz, my kinsman, hath said it.”

“ Vain words, idle words, my beloved. Didst thou not hear the speech of the Rab-shakeh, the cup-bearer of the great King, which he spake to Eliakim, the son of Hilkiah, which is over the household, and to Shebna, the scribe, and to Joah, the son of Asaph, and to the people on the wall? What can deliver Jerusalem from the great King’s wrath? Who can save from the might of Tartan and Rab-saris? ”

“ The Lord God of hosts. For

WAVE AND SPAR

hath not Isaiah, the son of Amoz, sent word to Hezekiah, the King, ‘ Thus saith the Lord concerning the King of Assyria, He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shield, nor cast a bank against it? By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord.’ And we of Zion have faith, my Captain, we have faith.”

“ Of what avails thy faith, my beloved, of what avails thy faith? Hath any of the gods of the nations delivered at all his land out of the hand of the King of Assyria? Where are the gods of Hamath and of Arpad? Where are the gods of Sepharvaim,

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

of Hena, of Ivvah? Have they delivered Samaria out of the great King's hand? Then talk not of faith in thy God of Zion, O fairest among women, but of love. Bethink thee how I loved thee from the moment I saw thee in the house of Eliakim, the son of Hilkiah, which is over the household, when I came to bear the tribute of Hezekiah, the King, three hundred talents of silver and thirty talents of gold, unto the King of Assyria, my master. From the moment my eyes beheld thee I have loved thee, O my heart's desire. I have left my tent without the walls, and sought thee throughout the city, my beloved, in the habit of a slave. In the darkness of the night when my

WAVE AND SPAR

servants thought I slept, I sought thee till I found thee. Come with me, oh, come with me, my beloved, for on the morrow I haste to the King; and Tartan will enter the city, and the inhabitants thereof will taste of the bitterness of exile even as their brethren of Samaria, and not one stone shall be left standing on another, for so hath said the great King. Dreamest thou the Lord God of Israel is greater than Bel? Then why was not His hand stretched forth to save Samaria when the God of Asshur smote? But what to us, O my fairest among women, are the wars of Bel and Yahwe, since love is greater than they? For it is love hath drawn the Captain forth from

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

his tent in the habit of a slave, and it is love that draweth the daughter from the house of her fathers. Come with me, oh, come with me, my beloved, for the dawn cometh soon, and I must away to the King. Let thyself down from the window, O desire of mine eyes, that mine arms may hold thee as my heart ever holdeth thee. Come away, my beloved, come away."

" Hold wide open thy arms, my lover, my loved one, that I may not fall, for I am coming to kiss thee with the kisses of my lips, that thou mayest taste them on thy ride to the King. Hold me close, my beloved, hold me close, for the day cometh soon, and I shall be alone. The voice of my

WAVE AND SPAR

people crieth in my ears, and the voice of the Lord God biddeth me stay, and my feet may not follow my heart. Therefore let me go, my heart's treasure—I must go."

"I cannot let thee go, my beloved. Come away, come away. I will make thee a queen amid the women of Nineveh. I will make thee a queen in the Temple of Bel."

"The night waxeth faint in the East, my heart's treasure. Haste away, haste away. One more kiss on thy lips—then I go. I—must—go."

And when the sun rose, the Captain of the King's hosts set forth with his men, and went and came unto the King, his master, before Libnah. And a certain woman stood on the

housetop when the sun rose, and watched the Captain of the King's host going forth with his men, and her heart broke within her.

And it came to pass in a few days that word came unto Rab-shakeh and unto Rabsaris that were before Jerusalem, from the King of Assyria, saying, “Haste, haste, for Tirhakah, the King of Ethiopia, behold, he is come out to fight against us.” So Rab-shakeh returned, and found the King of Assyria warring against Libnah.

“And it came to pass that night that the Angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand: when they arose early in

WAVE AND SPAR

the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.”

So Sennacherib, King of Assyria, departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh.

And in Jerusalem they sang: “Who is like unto thee, O Eternal, among the gods? Who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?”

So sang they in Jerusalem of the Kingdom of Judah, even the woman of the broken heart.

II

“ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE
BEFORE”

II

“ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE”

“How long have I known thee, O nymph of the amber hair, how long have I known thee? Since thou wert a tiny maid, and didst steal in to hear me sing the songs of Homer to thy dark-browed brothers. Dost remember how thou didst love them, and the figures on my shield that thou didst take for the very shield of Achilles that Homer sang? ”

“I remember how I loved the songs, most of all the wanderings of Odysseus, for of wandering and of suffering is the world’s music made. But better far than the songs, I love

the wondrous figures of the Greeks. They are so beautiful, so beautiful, I cannot but think the hands that wrought them are guided of God."

" That cannot be, my fair-haired maid, for has not that gloomy, jealous God of thine forbidden aught of image work within your homes and temples? "

" Jest not, Bacchides, at what thou canst not understand. God forbade, lest man should bow down and worship the work of his own hands, as the heathen do, even as the Greeks. But in my heart there wakes a thought, that one day it may come to pass, when the whole world is filled with His glory, and all peoples shall call upon His Holy Name, that man may

ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE

rejoice in the beauty his hands have wrought, because his soul will be filled with the radiance of the Eternal.”

“ O sweet dreamer of dreams, hast thou no more fair vision for the world than the rule of thy surly, formless God? Is it not enough for thee, O goddess of the radiant hair, that the sky is fair this day? that from this housetop we can see the far-away blue sea? that I do worship the work of thy fair hands? and crave of thee this scarf when it is wrought? ”

“ That may not be, Bacchides, for this banner which I stitch is for my mother’s kinsman, Mattathias, of the priestly house of Joarib, he that lately came to Modin from the Holy

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

City, with his five sons, when Antiochus, the King, Antiochus Epimanes, profaned the sanctuary.”

“ It is well, O daughter of a priestly race, that no stranger ears have heard thee call the King the madman; for Antiochus Epiphanes hath dungeons for unruly Jewish tongues.”

“ But none deep enough to quell the Jewish heart.”

“ What hast thou, O nymph of the amber hair, to do with a Jewish heart? Have I not dipped thee in the living waters of Greek poetry till thou art become a very daughter of Hellas in thy love of beauty? Did not thy father win the chariot race from my father in the great hippo-

ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE

drome of Antioch, when Cleopatra, the King's daughter, wedded Ptolemy, and brought him that queenly city for a dowry? And have not thy dark-browed brothers been crowned athletes in the Gymnasium? Have they not forgotten their Jewish blood in their Grecian thews and sinews? And hath not Apelles, the officer of Antiochus, come to make ye all Greeks in very deed? Doth he not bear greetings from the King, from Antiochus the Great, unto thy kinsman Mattathias, and unto his five sons, with fair promises of honor and riches for him and his house, if he will but lead in the sacrifice? Thinkest thou he will refuse the King's friendship?"

“ What, O Bacchides, is a heathen king’s friendship to a prince of the priestly line? Before ever Achaia was, his fathers served the Living God. In the Wilderness, in the Tabernacle, in the Temple, in the weary exile, there failed not a priest of the House of Aaron. Knowest thou not that ever since thy mad King profaned the sanctuary, and set up the abomination of desolation within the Holy of Holies, Mattathias and his sons have mourned in sackcloth for the glory departed from Israel? And out of their mourning shall come forth a greater glory, for their sore cry has awaked the slumbering heart of Judah. No more shall Joshua be Jason, no more shall the

ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE

young men stand naked in the games,
no more shall this people be wrapped
in many sins.”

“ Thou art like Athene of the azure
eyes in thy wrath divine, but be not
wroth with *me*, my goddess; for what-
ever gods above I pray to, 'tis thee on
earth I worship. In supplication do
I lay hold on these fair hands of thine,
and will not let them go until thy
radiant smile shines forth again.”

“ Thou art, indeed, a very Greek
with thy smiling eyes and honeyed
tongue. But loose my hands for my
embroidery. 'Tis almost done, my
needle has not far to go.”

“ Thy hands can rest a while, thy
stitching wait. But is it not better,
my heart-enthralling goddess, to be

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

a laughter-loving, beauty-seeking Greek than one of thy rude people, unsocial and morose? The world grows brighter where the Greek has trod, and light and beauty follow in his steps. He cries unto the world 'Rejoice!' and the world stands in Hellas' debt to the farthest end of time. But why flutter thy soft hands within my own, like frightened fledgelings in their nest? Why lookest thou so sad and wistful, as one who sees a good she may not reach? or as one who sees depart from her the joy she may no longer keep?"

"My soul is shadowed with dim forebodings which I cannot well explain. Let go my hands, Baccchides, let them go. My task is yet

ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE

unfinished, and the sun is near to setting. I must hasten, for the gift is promised for this night.”

“ It is joy to watch thy skilful fingers as they stitch the golden threads, Arachne of this later day. Thou hast no fear, in thy deft weaving, to awake the envy of blue-eyed Pallas? What are these mystic letters wrought in gold, and what their meaning? ”

“ ‘ Who is like unto Thee among the gods, O Eternal? ’ That is the song of triumph my fathers sang when God delivered them out of the house of bondage, out of the land of Egypt. And I chose this device thinking, perchance, another deliverance is at hand.”

“ And the deliverance is at hand, prophetic maid; even this day Apelles, the King’s officer, is come to strike off the last fetters of thy gloomy, austere creed. And thou shalt know the joys the gods of Hellas grant to their true worshippers.”

“ The joys of the Dionysia that even the idolatrous Roman looks on with horror and with shame? Thou art right, Bacchides, the Greek cries to the world, ‘ Rejoice—in the lusts of the flesh! ’ ‘ Tis the creed of his wanton gods.”

“ I fear me much, my white-armed maid, that thou hast been tainted with thy joyless faith. If so, it were a pity, for by nature thou art as blithe as any nymph whose rippling

ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE

laughter wakes the echoes of the wood. But now thy tender eyes grow dark and stern, and a cold fear creeps over me that in them I can read hatred for myself."

" Hate thee, Bacchides? Thee! Thou almost brother, whom I cried for as a tender, little weanling maid when my own brothers pushed me aside. Hate thee? How could I? Were not our fathers friends? Hate *thee!* Never, never that, Bacchides."

" 'I hate thee not' are poor, cold words. Canst find no warmer in thy heart for thine old playfellow?— Struggle not so hard, little hands, against my imprisoning fingers.— Canst not whisper, ' I love thee '?"

" Thou knowest I have ever held

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

thee dear, Bacchides,—let go my hands, oh, let them go,—dear as the brothers of my father's house. Hark! hearest thou naught, Bacchides? To me there seems a noise of shouting in the air. Run to the parapet, and look if thou aught canst see.”

“ Yes, toward the seaward city gate there are crowds and shouting. Ah, now I do recall: 'tis where Apelles hath set up the altar of the King, who doth command the sacrifice unto Olympian Zeus. 'Tis there thy kinsmen, Mattathias and his five sons, should be. I must away to gather news.”

“ Thou wilt gather news this day, Bacchides, that the unborn nations, seedlings in the womb of time, shall

ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE

read in awe and admiration, for the day of triumph is at hand. Haste away and bring the tidings.”

* * * * *

“ There is tumult in the city, my beloved, tumult wild and fierce. 'Tis the doing of thy kinsman, Mattathias. He hath slain upon the altar the Jew Orestes, who was about to sacrifice, obedient to the King's command. And he hath slain Apelles, the King's officer, and raised the standard of revolt.”

“ All these things I know, Bacchides, all these things I know. But this very hour my kinsman, Judas Maccabæus, Judas the mighty Smiter, hath been here to cry unto my father's house the cry of Mattathias:

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

‘ Whosoever is zealous for the law and maintaineth the covenant, let him follow me.’ And all my father’s house will follow to the mountains this very night.”

“ Knowest thou what thou speakest, my beloved? In the mountains death and hunger wait. And the King’s host in Jerusalem will sweep the mountains bare, and every one of ye will perish. And thou, my treasure of the amber hair, wilt perish, too, in all thy tenderness and beauty.”

“ If I perish, then I perish. Thinkest thou I am the first Jewish woman to die at thy mad King’s commands? Have not his servants slain mothers, and hanged their dead babes about their necks? Am I more fair

ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE

and tender than were the virgins and mothers of Jerusalem when his accursed hand fell heavily upon the city, and smote it very sore? ”

“ To me, my beloved, thou art the fairest among women, a very daughter of the gods. And I would save thee from the fearful doom that awaits thy cursed, stiff-necked nation. Come with me, my beloved, come with me. Thou shalt be as Aretè, whom Alcinoüs made his wife. Thou shalt be honored as nowhere else on earth is woman honored who has charge over her husband’s household.”

“ Thy wife, Bacchides, must pour libations to thy gods, else would Antiochus Epimanes command her death.”

“ And thinkest thou that I, a free-born Greek, of an Athenian house, have fear of Antiochus? But if *thou* fearest, O beloved, we will flee to Alexandria, or even to Rome. But come quickly, for the night is falling fast, and thy brothers will return to seek thee and bear thee away to the mountains, where the kites and ravens gather, scenting slaughter from afar.”

“ Let the kites and ravens gather from afar, we fear them not. For as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, and spreadeth abroad her wings to bear them away, so the Lord God of Israel beareth His children to safety, on eagle’s pinions beareth He them.”

ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE

“ Vain words, idle words, my beloved. For if this God of thine be so mighty to save, why did He not stretch forth His arm to save Jerusalem, His city and His Holy Place? ”

“ Because this is a people wrapped in many sins, this is a people that hath sinned grievously, and hath strayed after false gods, and followed the abominations of the heathen. But His punishment hath been for a chastisement and a correction. He will not destroy His people, nor forsake His children, for the Lord is long-suffering and of great mercy, forgiving iniquity and transgression. He will pardon the iniquity of this people according to the greatness

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

of His mercy. And the day of deliverance is at hand, the day of battle when the Lord of hosts shall triumph.”

“ But thou, O thou, my beloved, wilt die, for the soldiers of Antiochus will show no mercy.”

“ It is good, being put to death by men, to look for hope from God, to be raised up by Him again.”

“ Put aside the thoughts of gods, and hearken to my pleading heart. For is not love mistress of the world, my eyes’ delight? Is not even mighty Zeus to Aphrodite slave? I love thee, love thee, love thee! And I know thou lovest me, else wouldst thou not lie quiet in my warm embrace, and yield thy lips of coral to my kisses.

ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE

Hath life aught like to love, my heart's treasure?"

"'At once the sweetest and the bitterest thing on earth,' so sings thy tragic poet. For this once I taste its sweetness, sweet above the dream of mortals. For this once I put my arms about thee, hold thee close, and stroke thy curling hair. In this moment do I drink the wine of life, for the days to come are left only the lees."

"What meanest thou by such dark words, O beloved? This is but the first sweet draught, but the first honeyed sip of life's wine, my treasure, and together we will daily quaff its joyous cup. Why shakest thou thine amber head so sadly, my

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

beloved, why art thou become so heavy within my arms? ”

“ Because the bitterness of love is come upon me, O my loved one, treading fast upon the sweet. For one moment was I the maid who loved thee, the playfellow of thy stripling youth, thy willing pupil in thy lore of beauty. But with this kiss the moment’s gone. In the street below I hear the noise of hurrying feet, hear the sound of many voices, hear the voices of my people, hear the weeping and the chanting, and my heart goes to my people. For their sake I hate the Syrian and the wanton gods of Hellas. For their sake I leave thee, O Bacchides, O my loved one, lest I bring sin upon my nation, lest I add

ONCE IN SOME MEMORABLE BEFORE

another grain to their heavy burden of iniquity, and so keep back the day of triumph. Hark! I hear my brothers' voices. They come again to seek me. Stay thou here, Bachiades, rest thou here until the peril's over."

"I cannot let thee go, my heart's treasure, my beloved. Thou art going to death and torture. Rather would I die beside thee."

"By the love I bear thee, by the heart I leave thee, add not to my heavy sorrow by thy reckless death. Once more do I touch thy soft, dear curls, once more do I look about me where we two have spent so many happy hours together—Ah, God of Israel, help my broken heart."....

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

“Alone! Her very footsteps lost,
and her tears not yet dry upon my
arm.

‘Zeus! What am I to think? Dost thou look down
Upon the ways of men, or have we dreamed
An idle dream in fancying there are gods?’”

III

“ ON SOME FORTUNATE YET
THRICE BLASTED
SHORE ”

III

“ON SOME FORTUNATE YET THRICE BLASTED SHORE”

The morning sunlight fell into a Moorish courtyard in old Seville, and slanted across the fountain in its centre. Over the carved marble basin a young girl leaned feeding the fish in the sparkling water. A golden, brooding hush lay over all, save for the soft plashing of the water in the fountain. The gorgeous tropical plants were as motionless as the exquisite arabesque traceries on arch and pillar. The girl herself was moveless, the food slowly filtering through her half-spread fingers. In

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

her sweeping robes of white, in her bowed attitude and rapt expression, she might have been some priestess at her adoration in this silent, sunny garden.

Suddenly, upon the tessellated floor, came the sound of booted feet and jingling spurs. The girl turned in an instant and faced the new-comer, a man dressed in green velvet and satin, with high boots, silver spurs, and a sword at his side. The lazy grace and haughty temper of the Spaniard were visible in the chivalrous gesture with which he swept off his plumed hat, and bowed low to the girl before him. There was something in her presence that made knightliest courtesy but her simple

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

due; in her bearing were written the majesty and tragedy of fifteen centuries of suffering, softened for the moment by the freshness and tenderness of youth.

She was in spotless white from the soft, diaphanous head drapery, turned back on her raven hair, to the trailing folds of her skirts; all in spotless white, save for one vivid note of color: a square of deep orange-yellow worn upon the bosom, the badge of ecclesiastical infamy. The man winced inwardly as his eyes fell on this sign of cruel fear, but his glance cleared as it travelled upward to the girl's face, illumined by a smile of welcome and a betraying flush of pleasure.

“ Ah, Doña Leah,” he cried advancing toward her, “ as I came in, you looked so like a blessed saint in Paradise, I was sorely tempted to fall at your feet and adore.”

“ It is well, Don Pasquale,” she smiled, “ that the Inquisitor-General did not hear you, for you would have had to perform bitter penance for the temptation, before your resistance could have counted aught for you.”

“ But there is one temptation,” he went on, looking at her meaningfully, “ which I have not resisted, and which my pious mother fears will land me within the clutches of the Holy Office.”

“ God forbid!” cried the girl,

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

white to the lips. “ You must not come here again.”

“ Do you care so much ? ” he asked, coming nearer.

“ Care ! Why, I’d give my body to be consumed to ashes before one hair of your head should be touched.” The ploughshare of terror cut down to the primitive rock of human nature, and the conventional disguises of society crumbled away before its keen blade, but only for an instant. Doña Leah suddenly realized what a betrayal of herself she had made, and fell back a step or two with quiet dignity, as she said, “ That heart must be made of stone and iron, Don Pasquale, which does not quiver with terror at the thought

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

of the Inquisition for any human creature."

"So, then," he smilingly persisted, "I am just 'any human creature'?"

"You know better than that," she answered simply. "A woman's heart is always tender to suffering, but it turns with double tenderness to that which has clung to her in helplessness, whether it be a tiny babe or a strong man on a bed of pain. By the skill my dear father (peace be upon his soul!) and my uncle taught me, I was able to heal you of that ugly wound the Moorish Knight of Granada inflicted upon you, and restore you whole to your mother. She would not thank me," Doña Leah smiled, "if I made you whole only

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

that you might fall into the hands of the Inquisition. God forbid! But tell me, how is your mother?"

"She is very pious, thank you," Don Pasquale answered with a sudden clouding of his face.

"Speak not in that tone of your mother," gravely rebuked Leah, "a mother who loves her son as she does you. You say she is pious in a tone that makes one believe you do not account it a virtue to her. Yet let me remind you she once set her precious piety aside for you. Which, think you, was the stronger, her love of child or love of Church, when she defied the priests, and sent for the Jewess to heal her son?"

"That was God's mercy. If those

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

asses of leeches had bled me once more, they would have drained my veins dry; and my mother would have had no son.”

“ But have you ever counted her cost? In order to make your body whole she had to imperil her soul, according to your Church’s teachings.”

“ Yes; and now she is as ready to imperil my body to make my soul whole. She has been setting her confessor after me, and it’s only you again who can save me from the priest.”

“ I? ”

“ It is your manifest duty,” he went on gaily. “ You restored me to life, and now it behooves you to pre-

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

vent any harm coming to me through you. Surely that is simple logic."

"Señor, is this a jest? If so, it is a cruel one," she cried reproachfully, her hands nursed close against her breast to hide their fluttering.

"Is this a jest? No more a jest than when you set your delicate foot on my body, and drew the Moorish spear-head from my side."

"That task my simple skill in healing made clear to me, but now?" she paused inquiringly.

"The task is simpler still," he came very close to her. "Now you have but to put your hand in mine, and promise to stand by my side through life. Surely you know I love you—you must have known it

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

ever since I kissed your fair, cool hands as they soothed my pain.”

“ That was sick man’s gratitude,” smiled Leah.

“ Well, this is well man’s love, then,” he answered with a sudden flare of passion. “ Do you suppose it was mere gratitude brought me here day after day? Don’t you know why I came? ”

“ You said,” and a faint shadow of a smile hovered at the beautiful corners of her mouth, “ you said it was to gain my revered uncle’s advice on the management of your late father’s estates.”

“ And how long is it,” he asked mockingly, “ since the revered uncle set out for Toledo? Ah, believe me,

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

Señorita, it was the niece only that brought Don Pasquale de Ximenes to the Jews' Quarter, to the daily peril of his soul and the hourly joy of his heart—just Love who laughs at creeds as he laughs at locksmiths. Why, I have loved you since the moment I found your beautiful face bending over my pillow like an angel's out of heaven, and you love me. I know it. I have read it in your face, in your voice, in your terror at the thought of harm befalling me."

A silence followed his eager, assured words, and a little of love's humility fell upon him. "You do love me—a little bit?" he asked almost timidly.

“ And what would Don Pasquale de Ximenes, Marquis of Alcántara, Lord of Badajos, Knight of Santiago, with the love of a Jewess? Love is only for equals.”

“ But in the bosom of Holy Mother Church all are equals. At the baptismal font the Jewish taint would be washed away, and at the altar I would wed my heart’s desire.”

“ Would you wed a forsworn woman? Have a perjured Jewess for the mother of your sons? That were, indeed, the *mala sangre*.”

“ Talk not to me now of the *mala sangre*. Love has conquered my very pride of blood. Surely, too, the Lords of Alcántara have given archbishops enough, and cardinals, too, to

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

the Holy Church to counterbalance one New-Christian.”

“And so Don Pasquale de Ximenes would wed a Marrano,” asked Leah, quietly, letting her hands slowly fall to her sides, “and bring the Inquisition on his lordly house?”

“A Marrano? Never! A Marrano is accursed of man and God. 'Tis to weed them out, accursed vermin, to root them out, the Holy Office has been established.”

“And still, Don Pasquale, there never was yet a New-Christian who was not a Marrano, a hidden Jew, at heart. Whatever the bait of wealth and honors that lured him, whatever the lash of persecution that drove him into the arms of the

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

Church, he will always cry the ' Hear, O Israel ' at the great moments of his life. And if the men should forget—could forget, there are always the women. You may baptize a Jewess, yes, all but drown her in holy water, but you cannot wash the Judaism out of her heart, and the child that lies under her heart will feel the old faith throbbing in his veins even from his quickening. I know it, for I have seen. The forsworn Jew has been a hypocrite and a coward, and the God of his fathers whom he forsook, through pride of earth or fear of death, has brought a terrible chastisement upon him, even by means of those very priests who led him to sin. But purged by fire and cleansed from

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

his backsliding, Israel will return again unto his Father's house, and be forgiven as in days of old. Pardon, Señor, I was thinking aloud, and had forgotten your presence. Perhaps it is just as well you heard. They are the thoughts of my heart, and they show—what can never be. Go in peace, Don Pasquale, and come no more." And the girl turned to enter the house, her fluttering hands nursed close against her breast.

Don Pasquale started as from a trance at the soft trail of her garments over the tiled floor. He had watched her with a feeling akin to superstitious awe. A misty remembrance of the prophets of her ancient race and religion, added to her spirit

of exaltation, gave her an aloofness, an apartness from him and his world that, for the moment, deadened all sense of warmer, more intimate association. But her simple words of dismissal and her movement to leave him broke the spell that was on him. No longer was he an awe-struck listener before a priestess voicing God's doom upon His people, but a passionate, self-willed man who saw the desire of his heart slip through his fingers.

He was fast on her heels. "Ah, Señorita, it is easier said than done: 'Go and come no more.' "

"Then must you begin to learn the lesson, Don Pasquale, that I have learned betimes—that life is not made

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

up of easy things," she answered, pausing a moment without facing him.

"Surely you who know so much," he pleaded, "must know that love is the greater part of life."

"For others, yes. For me it is the death of all a woman's heart holds dearest. Now you know my soul's secret, be merciful and go," she suddenly cried, turning toward him with an imploring gesture. He caught her outflung hand, and kissed it reverently, for her cry of anguish stilled the passion in his heart.

As Don Pasquale left the house, he brushed against a heavy-set young Andalusian peasant, seemingly a carter, who was disputing with the

middle-aged man who served Doña Leah as porter. He paid no attention to either, but hastened on his way, his one desire to escape from familiar sights and sounds. Just outside the gate of the Jews' Quarter, he ran into his mother's confessor, whom he did not recognize as he mechanically apologized for his awkwardness. Fray Bartolommeo called after him, but Pasquale heard nothing, heeded nothing as he hurried along.

In the meanwhile the dispute at the door waxed louder, till the sound of it reached the courtyard where Leah still stood as Don Pasquale had left her. The noise aroused her from her stupor of pain. Suddenly the carter and his partner, who had joined him,

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

pushed past the porter, and made their way into the courtyard. The silent, white figure struck the second man as uncanny. “What’s that?” he muttered to his companion.

“Only the Jew’s daughter,” he answered re-assuringly.

“What do these strange men seek here?” demanded Leah of her servant, who had followed the intruders he was powerless to keep out.

“I want the money owing to me from Jusef the Jew for carrying two chests from Cordova here,” the carter answered her himself.

“It is not a just debt,” cried the servant, “it has been paid.”

“ ’Tis a lie. My partner here is witness.”

“ You need bring no false witnesses here,” interrupted Leah. “ Don Jusef owes no man a just debt. If the money was really owing you, why didn’t you come for it before? I have seen you often passing through the town. I know you well, you are Geronimo, the son of Chispa, the miller. You think because the master is away, you can come into a peaceful household and fright the inmates with your false debts and false witnesses. Out upon your boorish manners. Be-gone, I say! And be thankful that I do not hand you over to the Alguazil.”

“ You’re liker to come to the Alguazil’s hands yourself for your dealings with Christian gallants,” was the insolent answer. “ And may

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

an evil death speedily come upon you and your whole tribe!"

"Mind your tongue and mend your manners. And remember that not one of us will meet death an hour the sooner for your evil wish, but look you to it that you do not fall from your cart some night in a drunken doze, and the wheels pass over you. Now go, and let me not see your dishonest face again." And Doña Leah never more set eyes on Geronimo, the son of Chispa, the miller, for, the second morning after, a travelling monk came upon his body lying on the Cordova road, his skull crushed where the heavy cart wheels had passed over it.

It was Don Pasquale who brought

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

Leah news of the carter's death. During the lull of the afternoon siesta he stole into the Jews' Quarter, and made his way unseen to Jusef Torralba's house. The door leading to the court was open and unguarded. A dull, hot quiet lay upon the garden like a drugged slumber. Don Pasquale made his way to a large, low room on the ground floor, which the learned doctor used as a study and a work-room. It was furnished with fine old carved chests full of rare manuscripts, several tables covered with scrolls and writing material, and two comfortable carved arm-chairs. The other end of the room was fitted up as a laboratory, with a small furnace, and a collection of chemist's

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

utensils. It was here Don Pasquale found Leah distilling some healing cordial. She was so intent upon her work, and he had come so cautiously, she never heard him till he called her name.

“ You here again, Don Pasquale ? ” she cried, the joy in her eyes belying the scant welcome of her words.

“ Never to leave you again,” he answered.

“ What do you mean ? ” she asked, a sudden fear coming over her as she saw his set face.

“ It means I have come to save my love and your life. This day, even this very hour for aught I know, you will have to choose between the Church and death, for it is known to

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

the Holy Office that Don Pasquale Ximenes has for many weeks daily visited the Jews' Quarter. It is whispered he has Judaized, and it is openly said that the Jewess Leah, the niece of the Rabbi Torralba, has led him astray."

"It were nearer the truth to say you sought to lead *me* astray," she answered with the gleam of a smile.

"And that must *be* the truth. That would make the meaning of my visits clear to the Holy Tribunal. Don't you know it would redound to the everlasting glory of my soul to pluck such a brand from the burning? Come, put your hand in mine, beloved, and go with me to my mother. And like the melting of the snow in the

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

sunshine will be the forgetting of the perfidious sins of Leah the Jewess in the Christian virtues of the Marquesa de Alcántara."

"And must we thresh this all again?" asked the girl, wearily. "To what good? I could not, if I would, lay hold of your Gods. Naught that is written in your books is truth to me. If it be truth, why do not those who have gone over to worship it remain steadfast therein? Why do they turn again to the Old Law, even at the peril of torture and flame? Would you," she suddenly asked of him, "would you become of my faith, become a Jew, at my prayer?"

The haughty Castilian noble re-

coiled involuntarily at the mere thought. The girl's keen eyes caught the shudder of repulsion. "Ah, you think the very thought base shame; and yet with the bribe of love you seek to lead me to a baser shame, you would have me forsake the ancient Law for earthly profit. Ah, surely never before was one of my people tempted with so dear a bribe. Wealth is naught to me who have abundance of my own. Power and position I know, for I am even as a princess among my own people, being the daughter of my beloved father—peace be upon his soul!—and the niece of my revered uncle. But thy love is a precious possession above all things of earth, and to be free to hold

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

it before the sight of men would be as a crown of glory. And then, too, it would be sweet to be counted as others are—a woman, a fellow human being, and not a badged outcast. Oh, it is a beautiful dream, but only a dream, my beloved. Not for thy love's sake, nay, not even to save thy life would I forswear the God of my fathers."

"The question is of *your* life, not mine," Don Pasquale grimly answered.

"Ah, now you seek to fright me with a senseless fear," and again a smile gleamed in her eyes. "I am a Jewess, and the Holy Office deals with New-Christians only."

"And witches," he added briefly.

“Witches?” Leah echoed dully, her mind groping for his meaning.

“Yes, witches, my beloved. How else can my uncle, the Grand Inquisitor’s right hand, explain to his brethren of the Holy Tribunal his nephew’s infatuation for a Jewess, if Leah Torralba be not a sorceress? Why, the priests have already made my mother believe that you healed my wound by the aid of witchcraft—mere human skill could never have done it, they say. And the town is full of the curse you laid on Geronimo, the carter, and its fulfilment on the Cordova road the night after. You know he was found dead with his skull crushed in by the cart wheels passing over it, as you predicted.”

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

“ Oh! ” and Leah drew in her breath with horror.

“ And Maria Pareydi has confessed that you raised her child from the dead by magic, and is now doing penance for having accepted your accursed aid.”

“ Why, the child had teething convulsions, and I put it in hot water to free the evil humor in its blood,” protested Leah.

“ Think you the Holy Office takes note of anything so simple as a humor in the blood? ” was Pasquale’s bitter comment. “ Moreover Juan Pedro has sworn that his mule dropped dead at a glance from your eye, just because he would not make room for you in the crowded Prado.”

“He was belaboring the poor, starved brute, and I said to him in passing, that God loved the man who was merciful to his beast, whereupon he answered me with rude insult. I then bid him beware lest his blows should be as bad as his words, and he lose his beast as he had lost his manners.” Then, a moment later, she slowly asked, studying him keenly the while, “Surely, Don Pasquale, you do not believe these gossips’ tales? You do not take me for a witch?” At the very thought, a ghost of a smile lurked at the corners of her mouth.

“Believe! Why I believe you as pure and free from taint as God’s own mother. But ’tis not what *I*

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

believe, beloved, but what the Holy Office believes, that will help you. Oh, can you not see, my heart's dearest, that only your baptism will clear their understanding, so that they will see that Geronimo met the deserved fate of a drunken lout, and Juan Pedro's mule died of his master's brutality? Once you are a daughter of the Church, your healing powers will be the gift of God, as now they are accounted of the Devil."

"Look at me, my joy and my sorrow, look at me. You love me, yet you despise the people I come from, and would have me false to every tie of blood. Is there honor in that, my Knight? You worship three Gods and pray to a woman, and would have

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

me, unbelieving, bend the knee at your altars. Is there truth in that? Do you still ask me to perjure myself? ”

“ Yes,” he answered passionately, “ I would save your life at any cost. I love you, I would keep you at any price. I know the fearful ordeal in store for you. Surely, my darling, it is a sin against God to throw away one’s life. And you are so young, so beautiful, it maddens me to think of what will befall you. Come with me, my beloved,” he implored, seizing her in his arms. “ Come with me. With love in this life, what care we for any other? Oh, come with me, my heart’s treasure! ”

“ Ah, God, if I but might,” she

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

cried under the rain of his passionate kisses, and he felt love had conquered. But fast on the heels of triumph came undeceiving.

The two lovers had been so absorbed in each other, they had not heeded that the courtyard had become filled with people, Jews of the Quarter, stray stragglers of the city, and officers of the Holy Tribunal. It was the piercing shriek of her old woman servant, who had been her nurse in her motherless babyhood, that aroused Leah. The old nurse realized only too well that this visit boded no good to her young mistress.

Leah wrenched herself free from Pasquale's arms, and went swiftly to the one window that commanded the

court. “They have come,” she whispered as in a dream, “they have come.” Then suddenly the meaning of that dark, sinister group burst upon her, and she sprang back from the window, crying hoarsely, “Oh, God, save me! Save me, Pasquale!”

“I will, my own, I will,” clasping her close, whilst she clung to him in terror, youth and life revolting at the nearness of pain and death. “Put your hand in mine, and together we will go out and ask them what the Inquisition wishes of the Marquis of Alcántara’s future wife.”

“I dare not,” she cried, “I cannot before my people. Great God, give me strength,” freeing herself from

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

his restraining embrace, “ I must go alone.”

“ Leah, Leah, I beseech you, I implore you,” he began, when the meaning of her words was made plain by her movement to the door. “ Do you realize, child, it is death, torture, you are going to? If you have no mercy on yourself, have you no love for me? ”

There came a heavy knocking at the door. Her servants had sought for her through the house, purposely leaving the study to the last, in the futile hope that some means of saving her might be devised.

“ In a minute, in a minute. I am coming,” she called, answering the knock, and her voice had almost its

natural tone. She swept a long, slow glance about her, and in it Pasquale read hesitation. Her eyes rested on him with infinite tenderness but with something of the aloofness of the dying. Then she softly cautioned, as the knock was impatiently repeated, “Stay you here, beloved, till we are gone, lest evil befall you.” And Don Pasquale stood alone, dazed, paralyzed, before this awful affliction. The passing of the procession into the street roused him, but to madness, and, reckless of all consequences, he rushed forth blindly, with drawn sword, to rescue the woman he loved. He fell upon the guards and wounded two, but was overcome by numbers, for a great crowd had assembled, in

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

the mysterious way crowds do assemble, to see the Jewish witch come to her just deserts.

* * * * *

Leah Torralba was tried by the Holy Inquisition on three counts: I. Violating the Sixth Article of the Papal Bull of Benedict XIII, issued at Valencia, May 11, 1415, which expressly forbade Jews to practice medicine or surgery on Christians. II. Attempting to convert a Christian Knight, Don Pasquale de Ximenes to Judaism. III. Practicing witchcraft and magic.

For the first crime she could be heavily fined; for the second diabolic offense she could be condemned to terrible and solitary imprisonment at

the good pleasure of the Holy Office, but only for the third outrageous sin could she be put to death; and only her death could rescue the ensnared soul of Don Pasquale de Ximenes from her damnable toils, Don Pasquale who in his dungeon raved the most horrible blasphemies against the Inquisition, against God and man.

Day by day, inch by inch, the girl fought for her life, alone, before the Holy Tribunal, proclaiming her unshakable belief in the God of her fathers, and protesting her innocence of the practice of magic. Neither the rack for her delicate body, nor the torture of sleeplessness for her harassed mind, could wring a confession of

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

witchcraft from her. But where the instruments of God failed, a woman's wit succeeded.

The boon of sleep was granted her to make the new ordeal the more effective. Then in the pitchy blackness of the cell she heard a voice, a voice that held something familiar even to her dulled, sleep-heavy hearing. And all the voice said was, "They are bearing *him* to the torture."

"Him? Don Pasquale?" and sleep fled before terror and anguish.

"Yes, and you can save him."

"I? How? How?" eagerly facing the direction the voice came from in the darkness.

"Confess you bewitched him."

“ God have mercy on my tortured soul,” murmured the girl.

“ Will you let him die now when you gave him back to life? Will you let him die because of you? If you do not confess, they will put him to death, too, my son, my joy, the pride of my soul! Oh, girl, are you made of rock that you heed not the mother who bore him? Will you let them torture him? ”

“ My God, forgive me! I cannot let him suffer. Doña Elvira, I will save him.”

“ You will confess? ”

“ I will confess.”

Then straightway there was the sound of feet upon the paved floor, and lanterns were brought, and Leah

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

Torralba was led away to that dread Tribunal which knew neither night nor day. And there with dull iteration and reiteration of the same few words, she told how with magic and incantations she had cured and bewitched the Christian Knight, Don Pasquale de Ximenes. Under the agonizing strain her mind reeled, and there, with her mad laughter ringing in their ears, Leah Torralba was condemned by the Holy Office to be burned to death as a pestiferous witch, and relaxed to the secular arm, for the merciful Church takes not life.

Once more within the black silence of her dungeon, overwrought mind and body gave way, and merciful

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

unconsciousness fell upon the tortured soul. Madness comes not with a day, and when she waked to earth again, her mind was clear to meet her death. And in the glorious autumn tide of 1485, at the Quemadera of Seville, Leah Torralba met a death of infamy and flame, for the love of one God and one man.

And the one man forsook the home of his fathers and the mother who bore him, and became a wanderer upon the face of the earth. And when he died, those who prepared him for burial found hanging about his neck a little orange-yellow bag, containing a tiny sealed packet of oiled silk, which, when they opened it, they found held naught but a bit

THRICE BLASTED SHORE

of charred bone and a few pinches of pearl-gray ash. These they re-sealed and reverently placed over his heart again, saying, “Doubtless 'tis the sacred relic of some blessed saint, who will help him win his way to Paradise.”

IV

“ SO HESITATE AND TURN
AND CLING,—YET GO ”

IV

“ So HESITATE AND TURN AND,
CLING,—YET Go ”

“ I played the devil once,” Tamar remarked.

“ I should say more than once,” Bayard Tyndall removed his cigarette long enough to reply.

Unheeding the interruption, “ It was when I was a child,” she went on reminiscently. “ We lived in Phoenix City then—not the Phoenix you know, but a straggling, rough-and-tumble mining camp that clambered up the hill-slopes on each side of the gulch, with a dear, distracting Chinatown at its head. Oh, how I loved

that Chinatown! Its joys were my joys, and its sorrows, my keenest delight. Life held nothing then that for pure, unalloyed pleasure equalled a Chinese funeral. I was too little to tramp along with the boys to the cemetery where the funeral baked meats were openly set forth upon the celestial grave, but I could run behind, for part of the way, and pick up the gaudy red and gold paper squares that were scattered along the road by the mourners to distract the attention of the devil from the corpse. They must have been satisfied that I was the devil, for no one ever molested me in the performance of his duty. Do you suppose," she judicially inquired, "it was the

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

Oriental within me that led me to take so intense an interest in things so alien, or just——”

“ It always gives me a desire to shake you,” interrupted Tyndall, “ when I hear you talking that nonsense about the Oriental in you.” There was, indeed, an almost perceptible note of irritation in his rather slow speech. “ Why, it’s the rankest absurdity to hear you call yourself an Oriental, you with your gray eyes and brown hair,—”

“ And Aryan face, as a Johnnie in Berlin called it,” laughed Tamar.

“ Why, you’re almost as perfect a type of Teuton as I am of Celt,” he went on, critically examining her face.

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

“Oh, that but proves the reprehensible adaptability of my race, our chameleon-like capacity to take on, not only the color of the world’s thought, but even the world’s very features.”

“All that stuff about race is rot,” remarked Bayard, with decision, as he rolled a new cigarette.

“Oh, no, it isn’t,” returned Tamar, solemnly. “I learned it in Germany, the home of reason, philosophy, and metaphysics. When I went abroad, I prided myself that I was an American, but when I arrived in Germany, I was told I was an Asiatic. Perhaps the real truth is the East and West meet in me. I am so intensely American in some ways;

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

and so intensely different from the world about me, even from you whom I know best of all, in other ways.”

“ But the differences are only in minor things,” was the quick response.

“ Well, I should hardly call religion and art minor things,” rejoined Tamar.

“ Art!” exclaimed Tyndall, “ why, there are no two people in this world more in accord with each other on that question than you and I. You are positively Hellenistic in your love of Greek art.”

“ Ah, yes, *Greek* art. That’s another thing. I can understand Greek art. I can understand the Greek’s ideal of sensuous beauty, I

can sympathize with his greeting of 'Rejoice,' I can realize the spirit that drove him to deify the forces of Nature, and raise up shrines to many gods, perhaps because love of beauty and joy in living are parts of my being. It may be that in a previous state of existence I was a Greek; or, better yet, I may have lived in those far-away days when my people responded to the fascination of Greek ideals to the almost mortal peril of their souls. That would account for my Hellenistic brain and Hebraic heart," Tamar went on in mock seriousness. "I can understand the Aryan while he remains a pagan, but he passes beyond my comprehension when he fuses Judaism with his

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

paganism, and makes the new compound, Christianity. And so it is for purely Christian art; it seems to reach the blind spot of my mental retina. Take, as an instance, the Sistine Madonna. Where you see an infant God and His superhuman mother, I see nothing but a woman and a baby, with no more divinity than the divine in pure motherhood all the world over. As for the Last Judgment, it is to me absolutely blasphemous, revolting in its daring to represent God in human form. That is the Semite within me, our German friends would say, but it just goes to prove I am Aryan by attrition only, it's not even skin deep.”

Tamar looked up with a smile, but

Bayard met it with a serious gaze. “Do you know, Tamar,” he said very gravely, “you sometimes build a very high wall between us?”

“Yes, I know,” she answered a little sadly. “I feel it myself, but then,” her face brightening again, “I can take it all down in a minute, we have so many things in common.”

“Surely they ought to be strong enough to keep that wall from going up again. Oh, Tamar,” his voice was full of pleading eagerness, “you do not know how it hurts, this sense of separation from you.”

“Well,” she replied, looking up at him with a gleam of fun in the back of her eye, “when you consider that for years we have read the same

books, played the same music, and loved the same salad (which I *do* make much better than you do), I hardly think the sense of separation can oppress you very much.” Then continuing a little more seriously, “Besides, there is no one in the world who is to me quite what my old play-fellow Bayard is. Surely that ought to satisfy you.”

“Ah, can’t you see, Tamar, it doesn’t, it doesn’t?” came in a low cry from him.

“Well, it will have to, then,” she rejoined very shortly. “Oh, but you do show streaks of nonsense sometimes,” this with a relenting smile. “About every once in so often you like to imagine yourself in love with

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

me, and then you grow irritable at any mention of the differences between us.”

“It’s because you harp on those differences so insistently,” he replied impatiently, “more than ever since I’ve returned this last time.”

“Ah, perhaps that is my great wisdom,” she rejoined, shaking her head in mock solemnity.

“Great wisdom!” he burst out impetuously. “Do you think all the wisdom in the world would keep me from falling in love with you, or keep me from telling it now?”

Tamar turned white to the lips for an instant, then she answered very slowly, “Bayard, I am sorry beyond all words that you have spoken as you

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

have.’’ After a breathing pause, she added, ‘‘Never let me hear it again.’’

‘‘Oh, but you are going to hear it again,’’ he answered with a passionate, masterful note in his voice, ‘‘here and now. Do you fancy for an instant that you are going to still the gnawing hunger at my heart by bidding me be silent? Do you suppose for one moment that you can stem the torrent of my love by a straw-dam of race differences and silly, outworn prejudices? Oh, Tamar,’’ and his voice grew tender and pleading, ‘‘I have loved you since we were boy and girl together, but I never realized how much till I was away this last time. Through those pathless forests, on the lone mountain tops at night, I

used to dream of you so constantly, with such exquisite longing, that more than once I saw your bodily presence before me. Oh, Tamar, Tamar, you will not bid me be silent now? ”

“ Yes,” Tamar answered with a deep indrawing of her breath. And again, almost inaudibly, “ Yes.” Her face was partially turned away from him so that he could not see its expression, but he, who knew every note of her voice, and her little trick of nursing her hands close against her breast when she was emotionally stirred, read that she was suffering.

“ O my darling, I have pained you,” he cried in quick contrition. “ Forgive me, Tamar, forgive me. I

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

am such a selfish brute. But, oh, I had to speak. I have been ordered away again next week, this time to Persia, and I felt I could not go again without telling you what was in my heart, without breathing to you the mad, wild hope that I might win your love to take with me. Oh, Tamar," he went over toward her, his passionate appeal vibrating through his low voice, "Tamar, is it so mad after all?"

Tamar sat staring straight before her, a silent, frozen woman. A feeling of fear crept over Bayard as he gazed at her. "Tamar," he whispered, "have I hurt you beyond forgiveness?"

Then Tamar spoke, in a dull, color-

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

less voice, not answering his question, but uttering aloud a thought that seemed grinding itself into her brain, “The hour of my dread has come.”

“Oh, Tamar, my darling,” he cried, sinking on his knees beside her and taking her hands in his, “why should you have dreaded this moment? Only your loving me could have made you dread it, and if you love me, we can face the world together triumphantly, and snap our fingers at its prejudices.”

“Ah, it is not the world’s prejudices I fear,” Tamar answered, “but mine and yours.”

“Ah, my love, if that is all,” he laughed in low, happy assurance, “then we may blow fear to the winds.

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

Association with you has so broadened me that I have risen above the silly, petty prejudices of the world, and surely you who have taught me the way cannot be less liberal."

"I am less liberal," she slowly answered. "In the last analysis I am a narrow-minded Jewess."

"Tell me, Tamar," he questioned, gently turning her face toward himself, "tell me, do you think it a sin for a Jewess to marry a Christian?"

"If you mean by sin that she would eternally damn her soul by such a marriage, no. If you mean that by such a step she would bring into her life, as consequences, endless pain, wearying strife of soul, yes."

"Tamar," he cried in reproachful

surprise, “ how can you say such things? How can any woman suffer endless pain and strife of soul united to the man she loves? ”

“ Because marriage is not for a day, Bayard,” she replied gently, “ and when the glamour of passion has passed away, the man and woman with antagonistic pasts and divergent aims in the future must find themselves on opposite sides of an unbridgeable gulf. If they love each other, the suffering that must ensue is too horrible to contemplate.”

“ If they love each other, they have nothing to fear,” he quickly returned. “ Love overcomes all things. Besides,” he quickly added, “ however antagonistic our pasts may have been,

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

our future aims are the same. We both look forward to the day when meanness and prejudice shall exist no more, and in our daily lives we're trying to make that ideal real. So there is no divergence in our aims."

"Our future aims," she slowly answered "are the logical outcome of our past. But putting ourselves aside for a moment, suppose there should be children?" she asked.

"Could we not trust love to find out a way?" he questioned in turn. "Don't you see, Tamar, that we are so alike in all the essential things of life, in our aims and ideals, in our tastes and sympathies, that we must succeed, that we are fortified to meet the terrors you are conjuring up, by

reason of our absolute oneness? Is there anything within reason I would deny you? Do you fear I would ever ask you to give anything up?"

"You think you would not," she shook her head at him with a sad little smile, "but you couldn't help yourself. That absolute oneness which you insist on is a delusion, a thing of air, woven of intellect alone. It may be, as Emerson says, that when one is cast on a desert island with another, it is more important that he should like the books one likes than that he should recite the same *credo*. But this also is true, that it is well with a woman and her child only when the father can echo her prayers. You know how often, in my bantering

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

way, I have proclaimed that I would rather have my principles violated than my taste offended, and I really believe in the main that's so. But motherhood has nothing to do with principle or taste, it goes far deeper, to something primitive, something buried far down in the race. And all your love for me and all my love for you would be powerless before the traditions of centuries which run in my blood. And all our oneness, which has been our delight, would crumble to ashes before a child, and you would then see what I have always seen, the chasm between us."

"Why, Tamar, you are not yourself," cried Bayard, pain and astonishment in his voice. "You are a

changeling, not my old playmate, not the sympathetic woman who has understood every throb of my heart, every impulse of my soul. Was it all false, all mere seeming, this sympathy with all my striving and all my dreams? Oh, that cannot be! I am raving now as you were a moment ago."

"No, dear," she answered quietly, turning to face him, where he now sat on a low settee at her side. "No, dear, I was not raving, neither was my sympathy a sham. I have always understood you as you never could understand me. You Christians are so simple, your roots are but of yesterday, your path in life has lain free and open before you. But we Jews

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

are so different, so complex, our roots reach back to earliest time, and they are living roots to-day, yet there is no thought too modern for us to absorb. Centuries on centuries of torturous oppression forced us back on the past, till that past has become the very fibre of our being, and only because our past is your future is it possible for us Jews to comprehend so thoroughly the ideals of your civilization. There is no culture too modern for the sympathy of the Jew, he responds to the latest breath of his environment, and yet at the same time the influence of ancient days is vitally present in him, whether he is conscious of it or not. He may be the up-to-date American, the more than

British Englishman, the Frenchman of the latest moment, and under that modernity lies a granite stratum made up of the ideals, the traditions, the sufferings of thirty centuries. Do you not see, then, Bayard, dear, how much of me there must be that you could never understand? Why, the most lax and laggard Jew would know on the instant what I mean now, and I can see by your face I am incomprehensible to you."

"Yes, you are," he sorrowfully assented. "I once thought I knew your every thought, and I always believed with a perfect faith that love could bridge all difficulties between us, could smooth over any misunderstanding that might arise; and, what

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

is more, I believe so still, in spite of these ghosts you are calling up from that far-away past on which you love to dwell so much. As for a Jew's understanding you any better than I do, that is absurd. I know plenty of Jews, the worldly, material kind, who would comprehend less than you think I do all your feeling for your historic past. You haven't a thing in common with them."

"There you are mistaken, dear. He may not realize, as I do, how his Jewish heritage is affecting him. Take the most materialistic, unbelieving Jew, one who has repudiated the faith of his fathers, a race Jew, and ask him what he thinks about intermarriage. His denunciation of it

would be absurd if one did not know that the voices of the past were speaking in him. Man of the earth though he be, there will come some moment in his life when he will thrill as I do when he hears the ‘ Hear, O Israel ’ chanted, because that simple prayer has been the refrain of our people in triumph and in torture down the ages. Take my witty, sceptical cousin, to whom Judaism in its ideals and ceremonies has absolutely no meaning. I do not believe he has ever entered a synagogue or even uttered a prayer since he grew to a reasoning age, and yet he refused the gift of a certain very beautiful statue simply because it was adorned with a cross. That you cannot understand. That innate

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

antipathy to what you consider the most sacred symbol in life, you will set down to narrow-minded prejudice, and yet it isn't. It goes back beyond the centuries on centuries of Christian hatred and oppression, to the very beginnings of Christianity where it is a conflict of God-ideas. The Jew of that day looked upon a Man-God as a blasphemous contradiction in terms, and the worship of the Trinity as a form of polytheism, and the Jew of to-day thinks just the same."

"Ah, that is because he does not understand the principles of Christianity," Bayard broke in.

"Because he *can* not understand them," Tamar returned. "Do you remember how once you spent hours

trying to make me see the three-in-one and one-in-three idea? You couldn't succeed. Why? Not because I lack intelligence and sympathy, but because the whole thing is meaningless, is too metaphysical, for my Semitic mind. If the invention of metaphysics proves the superiority of the Aryan over the Semite, as the holders of the race theory proclaim, why, I must humbly accept my limitation. But this is just like one of those old arguments we used to hold years ago," she smiled, "when we were both so young we felt we must defend and justify the faith we each held. There is no need of that any more," she went on, "we each know how unalterable the other is on that question,

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

and we respect each other's convictions. That is the nearest we can ever come in the vital matter of religion."

" Well, I consider mutual respect in such matters," Bayard returned decisively, " a most excellent foundation. It's more than is often found among differing sects of Christians. I can well remember the differences between my grandfather and his sister, when I was a small boy. He was a true blue Presbyterian of the Old Covenanters, and my great-aunt had become a convert to the Church of England. The things they used to say to each other about their respective beliefs, and the future states they used to mete out to each other, used to fill my infant soul with horror."

“ Oh, but that was nothing,” rejoined Tamar, “ at the very bottom they had the same foundation. It is like the wordy wars between Orthodox and Reform Jews. They say the most scathing things to each other, but before the attacks of the anti-Semites the most cultured, modern Jew of ultra-Reform stands blood-brother to the bent, hunted, rigid Orthodox of the Ghetto. So you take your ‘ seventy jarring sects ’ of Christendom, and see how quickly they would unite, even to Quaker and Catholic, were any fundamental dogma impugned. It’s the foundations after all that count. You may safely raze and rebuild the superstructure any number of times,

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

if the cornerstone remains unchanged.”

“Tamar,” said Bayard, suddenly, “I understand for the first time how the Jews of olden times drove their neighbors to madness, hatred, and persecution. It was their stiff-necked determination never to see any but their own angle of revelation, their absolutely maddening immovableness in the face of all argument, pleading, prayer.

“And you might add torture, exile, death,” commented Tamar.

“Yes,” he went on a little bitterly, “I really believe that you, so fair and soft and modern, would go to torture, exile, death, with a smile on your lips, for your ancient, outworn creed.

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

Yes," his bitterness increasing, "you would heartlessly sacrifice me and my great love and the living present for an echo from the past. What is the good of religion in the world," he cried, "if it does not bring mankind closer together in bonds of love? The faith that preaches separation preaches a creed of hate. Oh, Tamar, my darling," he pleaded passionately, "can you not see that love rises above all old, spent faiths? Can you not believe that love is master of the world, and not belief in this or that god? Oh, Tamar, is your heart of stone that my love must plead in vain? Come away with me, my beloved, come away, and we will live our lives together in peace and

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

beauty, away from all who would carp and criticise.” He had her close in his arms, passionately kissing her face, her hair, her neck. She lay so still in his embrace, her hands nursed close against her breast, that he thought love had won. “Ah, we shall be so happy together, my beloved, my treasure. We will forget the mere formulas of creeds, and thank God by the joy of our lives. Oh, say you will come with me, my beloved, come with me. Come away, my heart’s treasure, come away.”

“Let me go, Bayard, let me go,” begged Tamar, trying to free herself from his strong clasp. “Please, beloved, let me go.”

“When you ask in that tone, dar-

ling," he answered, kissing her once more, "I can refuse you nothing."

"Then you will heed my prayer," she pleaded, "and go."

"Go, Tamar? Away from you? After I have held you in my arms? How can you be so unreasonable, Tamar, or," and here a sudden fearful doubt betrayed itself in his voice, "have I been mistaken in you all these years, and are you just heartless?"

"Oh, no, I am not heartless," she answered wearily, "only go, and do not come back till you have conquered this feeling."

"Conquer this feeling! Do you know what you are asking? What you are saying? You speak like a

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

child. Do you not know that love of you is knit into the very fibres of my being, the very breath of my life? Can a man conquer such love, do you think?"

"Then you must go away forever, and forget me."

"Pluck out a man's eyes, and will he forget the sights he has seen?" he passionately demanded. "Tear you out of my heart, and will that deaden memory? To the last hour of my life I should remember you, Tamar. Do you not realize you are the one woman on God's earth for me, beloved? The woman of my dreams, the dream of my life? Oh, Tamar," he cried with a sudden rush of passion, "are you made of stone that

you stand so immovable, so silent before me? Do you know, oh, do you know what love is?"

"I do not know," she answered, slowly, sadly shaking her head. "I know only this, that for years and years your mere presence has been my greatest joy, and with your going some of the delight has gone out of my life. To me you were always the first among men, my ideal, my standard by whom all others were measured. There is not a thing I own that is not steeped in association with you, the books I read, the music I play, the flowers in my garden, this very room, and that association has been of the breath of my life. You have been my last thought as I sank

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

to sleep at night, my first thought in the morning. Your friendship has been more to me than all the love other men have brought me. To keep that has been my one prayer, and now that must go.” Dull, resigned despair was in every line of her face and in the little gesture with which she dropped her hands at her side.

For a moment he was infected with her hopelessness, and then love rose to battle for its own again.

“Ah, my beloved, my heart’s treasure,” he tenderly cried, caressingly laying his hand on her arm, “can you not see it is wrong, it is sin to put such love out of our lives? Is perfect love so common that we may ruthlessly throw it aside, even at the

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

command of faith? Is it not your own poet who said, ' Love is stronger than death ' ? Surely then if

' Many waters cannot quench love
Nor rivers drown it,'

we have a right to enjoy this gift of God. Oh, do you not remember, my darling, how often we have jestingly declared that we knew each other in another life, that we were comrades and lovers then even as we have been here? I catch myself half believing that at times," he went on with a smile. " My love for you must have been a rich and glorious heritage handed down to me through the ages. Ah, Tamar, you have always been to me the fairest among women, the delight of my eyes, the treasure of my

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

soul. I loved you in the dim far-away of time as I love you now. Do you think, then, I will let you go?" he asked with happy assurance as he held her close.

She lay so still in his arms, he felt sure love had conquered, and between his kisses he whispered, "You will come with me, my beloved, come with me."

She lay so still in his arms he grew frightened, the closed eyes and set, white face seemed akin to death. The face grew strange to him under his gaze. It was no longer his comrade who lay close to his heart, no longer Tamar, the laughing, the light-hearted, but a woman grown strange and distant, in her face the seal of

BEATING SEA AND CHANGELESS BAR

suffering, not only the suffering of a broken heart, but the tragedy of a race. The sense of this strangeness, this distance, chilled him as she opened her eyes, and gazed at him mutely with a long, slow, solemn gaze, as the dying gaze when they are past the powers of speech.

Slowly she put up her hand to smooth back an unruly lock of his, just as she had so often done once during a memorable illness of his, and the little caressing gesture made her human, made her Tamar again.

“ O God, my darling! ” he sobbed, burying his face in her hair.

In an instant she had him down beside her, comforting him as only a

TURN AND CLING,—YET GO

woman can comfort the man who is more to her than life.

“Don’t grieve so, my heart’s treasure,” she prayed, “don’t, for my sake. It makes it so much harder to face.”

Then, with her soul on her lips, she kissed his eyes and hair, and turned and went, even as he cried, “Come with me, oh, come with me, my beloved.”

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